

THE
NIGHT
RAVEN.

By S. R.



*All those whose deeds doe shun the Light,
Are my companions in the Night.*

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THE
RIGHT
OF
RATIFICATION



FOR THE
RIGHT OF
RATIFICATION



THE NIGHT RAVEN.

Although the Owle and I, a custome keepe,
To flye abroad, when other Birds doe sleepe,
Changing our course from those of other
Yet do not we consort a nights together. (feather,
I haunt not barnes for either Moule or Rat,
As doth the searching two-foote flying Cat,
Nor into bushes after birds to pry,
Ther's diff'rence t'wixt that deuills face and I:
For secret things being of another kinde,
In obscure darknesse, I apparent finde
Those euill actions that avoyde the Sunne,
And by the light of day are neuer done,
But lurke in corners, from disclosing eyes,
Not daring open view in any wise:
Those most familer are made knowne to me,
I take a notice who, and where they be,
Drunkards that drinke untill they cannot speake,
Villains and Theeues, that into houses breake,
Whores and Whoremongers trading for the Pox,
And reeling Watch-men, carrying Rogues to Stox,
A 2 With





The Night-Rauen.

With many knauish matters that befall
Which, turn and read, and you shall know them all,
I neither tattle with *Iack-daw*,
Or *Maggot pye* on thatch'd house straw,
Nor with your hopping cage birds sing,
Nor cuckow it about the spring:
Or like your Black-bird,, Thrush, and Stare
Whisell in cages for good fare:
Or cackell with your scraping Hens,
Nor hissle with Geese, (that finde you pens)
Or like your durty Ducks doe quacke,
That in the water, water lacke,
Nor crow as doth your dung-hill cocke,
Clowne almanacke, and Shepheards clocke,
Or prate as greene-coate Parrot doth,
Like an old-wife, with ne're a tooth,
Nor mourne like Pigeons fed with pease:
I am consort for none of these.
My watchfull eyes awake I keepe,
When all such idle creatures sleepe.
Were I not blacke, as all crows be,
I should euen blush, at things I see.

Three





The Night-Rauen.


Three fearefull Theeues.

A Gentleman, lying awake in's bed,
Having good Christian motions in his head,
How he had spent the day, worse then he should,
Omitting to performe the good he would,
Committing those things which he ought not doe,
As *Sathan*, *world*, and *Flesh*, did urge him to.
Vnder his lodging very close and neare,
A conference twixt certaine theeues did heare.
Quoth one of them, my counsell pray imbrace,
Let's breake in heere, this is the weakest place.
No said another, I doe doubt we shall
Finde this so strong that heer's a double wall.
Then quoth the third, breake out the iron barrs
For too long lingring all our businesse maris:
We must not onely heere this night abide,
For we haue houses to attempt beside.
The Gentle man unto the window goes,
And thus he spake, unto his theeuing foes;
My friends (quoth he) forbear this quoyle to keep,
And come anon, I am not yet a sleepe.
VWhen they heard this, away with feare they fled,
And he securely, did returne to bed.

A 3

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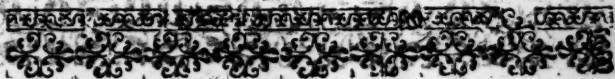


The Night Rauen.

An Apology for Women.

THer's an abuse which comes into my mind,
Vnjust imposed vpon women kind,
When men haue done things, that distast full be,
And that their words from actions disagree,
In saying one thing, doing of another,
A speech is vs'd their guiltinesse to smother,
Sure he's a man would haue perform'd the same,
But the night Rauen is in all the blame.
Casting the cause by slander on the wife,
When she (good soule) is of such vertuous life,
That from his word she no way would perswade,
Although rash promise had him looser made.
Therefore kinde, harred men, that women loues,
Tearme them no more night-Rauens, they are Doves
True harred Turles, constant, faithfull kinde,
Mylder then men, and of lesse hurtfull minde,
More pittifull, and more compassionate,
Lesse enuious and lesse posselt with hate,
And of themselues so rare perfections shew,
Not prouing bad, till bad men make them so.

1





The Night-Rauen.

A night Snagger.

Tell me the Watch is set I th'art an affe! **T**
 What Constable dare say I shall not passe?
 Who cut bids me stand, ile make him lye,
 And cut his watch-men our like strokes to fyre.
 I am a gentleman in three degrees,
 And for three worlds my tytles ile not keefe.
 A gentleman by true descent of blood,
 My auncient stocke, was before the flood.
 Then for my schollership a gentleman,
 Both reade and write, and cast a count I can.
 Then third degree of gentleman I claime
 Is my profession of a Soldiers name.
 Looke but your Chronicle for eighty eight,
 And turne to *Tilbury*, you haue me straight.
 And doest thou thinke that I will stand in feare,
 Of *Lanthorne* bill-men, asking *who goes there*?
 No in the night I must and will beare sway,
 Although my humour be not so by day,
 For then in policy I hold it best,
 To shun a Sargeant, 'cause I feare arrest.

Fashions





The Night-Rauen.

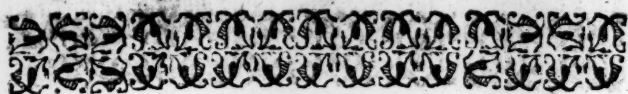
Fashions out at the elbowes.

TAylor, I take thy want of manners ill,
Dost come to supper to me, with thy bill?
Hast thou no time but come at candle light?
Or dost thou feare I meane to vanish quite?
My choller tells thee, th'art a botching slaue,
Thy Iourney-man, a very pricklowse knaue.
My Sattin sure is most malignant made;
Goe burne thy bill, and so resolute th'art pay'd.
And cutter-out thinke y^e are a happy man
To scape my fury thus, sirra I can,
Areft you for the spoyling of my stuffe,
And yet that action shall not be enough,
I haue at least seuerall nine or ten
To teach a knaue how he wrongs gentlemen:
As making it according to French-nation,
When I should haue it of the Spanish-fashion.
Then bringing it in *Inue* home, past your day,
When I should had it seenie at court in *May*.
then for two lice (I will be sworne I found)
Vpon my Pickadilly, creeping round,
But since th'art poore, I some compassion taking
Will punish thee, with, *nothing for the making.*

B

The



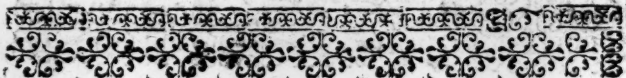


The Night-Rauen.

The Roaring-boy, and his Punk.

Punk I lacke money, how hast thriu'd to day :
To morrow I haue laid a plot will pay,
And strap thou shalt haue interest to boote,
Count me a villaine if I faile to doot.
A pox vpon thee, roaring rogue (quoth she)
When we should get I wonder where you be :
Heere was a city-young-man, by this token,
Search you the purse, a pretty youth well spoken,
And sayes on thursday heele be heere againe,
With him let me alone, I haue his vayne :
But I lack'd you to swagger with a gull,
A gallant that had crownes his pockets full,
A shame light on thee, hadst thou then come in
And curst, and swore thou hadst my husband bin,
The fearefull slaue, would willingly compound,
Rather then in a bawdy house be found,
Be heere on monday night in any case,
I shall haue an *Italian* then in chase,
Besides a *Dutch-man* comes to try a Punke
Swagger it brauely then, be soundly drunke.

The





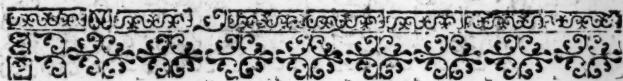
The Night-Rauen.

The Gull, and the Domineering Constable.

Sirra, what are you? wher's your dwelling place?
Sirs bring the Lanthorne, let me see his face,
Doeft know him Beadle? Surely sir not I.
Ant please your worship I doe lodge hereby,
I haue bin forth at supper with a friend.
Tell me of supper, tut a puddings end
You kisse the Counter sirra that is flat,
Ile teach you know my place deserues a hat.
Ant please your worship, I confesse it doth
But pardon me my heads not well in sooth.
You thinke all howers of the night to march
Because y'are in your yellow close-stoole starch,
Hast not *Tabacco*, and a tinder box?
The knaue may fire the towne, haue him to stocks
Please your worship not a Pipe I haue.
Dost thinke I sit heere to keepe sheepe thou knaue?
No sir, with reuerent magistrates I match
Your worship, and the gentlemen, your watch,
Well sirra since your duty doth appeare,
I am content this time you shall goe cleere.
Depart in peace, and play no knauish pranckes,
I giue your worships all, most humble thanks.

B 2

Terrible






The Night-Rauen.

Terrible newes, for Taber and Pipe

AN odd companion, walking up and downe,
To pipe a liuing out from towne to towne:
Being at a Wedding busie at his play,
Forgering daunger of his tedious way,
Belated was, yet be it ill or good,
He did resoluē to wander through a wood.
And as he went with knap-sake full of scrapps,
And Taber at his backe, by fortune happs
That he farre off by Moone-light chanced to see,
A cruell Beare which forc'd him take a tree,
The beast, with sodaine speed came feircely too't
And fell to scrape and scratch about the roote.
Poore Taborer so scar'd was with the Beare,
He sweate and trembled, in a stinking feare.
At length he thought upon his wedding scraps,
And threw them to the Beare, to fill his chaps.
Who for the time from mining did refraine;
But eating all, fell hard to worke againe.
Oh now (quoth he) I haue no hope at all,
The tree begins to shake, and I must fall,
Adew my friends this Beare will me deuouer,
Yet as a farewell at my dying hower,

Euē






The Night-Rauen.

Tirrible newes for Tabber and Pipe

Euen in despight of *Paris-garden* foes
He haue a fit, as hard as this world goes,
And so betakes him to his Pipe and Tabor,
And doth them both, so sound and braue belabor,
The beare amazed from his scratching runs
As if at's breech had beene a peale of guns,
Which when the Taborer with joy did see,
Well beare (he said) if this your humor be,
Would I had knowne to use the charming feate,
You should haue daunc'd, before you had my meate
So downe he comes, and without longer staying,
Thorow the wood goes homeward, al night playing
Then sends for all his friends, that they may heare
The story of the Piper and the Beare,
Vowing his *Tabor* was more deare to him,
Then was *Arions* sharpe when he did swim
Vpon the *Dolphins* backe, most safe a shore,
And that same Instrument for euer more
As monument unto *Tompers* race,
Should show his valour, and the *Beares* disgrace.




The Night Rauen.

To all slothfull Seruants.

I Often in the night (as I doe flye)
See burning houses flaming to the skye,
At which most dreadfull accidents that fall,
A sodaine terroure terrifieth all,
People amazed crying fire, fire,
And in perplexed manner helpe require
Some in their beds consum'd to ashes quite,
And some for euer franticke with the fright,
Some wealthy men at setting of the Sunne,
And ere the rising, beggers cleane vndone.
And when that people seriously inquire,
How all this great misfortune comes by fire;
The common answere is, (and tis too true)
Most slothfull seruants, it is long of you,
You that no care doe in your callings take,
Nor christian conscience of your wayes doe make,
To looke unto your fire and your light;
Of which in duty you haue ouer sight,
But slight the danger that to other growes
Because your selues haue nothing for to loose;
Assure you this, a carelesse queane or knaue,
Euen such as they haue bin, shall seruants haue.

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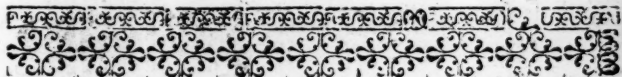


The Night Rauen.

A wicked Wife.

IN darke some shade of melancholy night,
There did appeare to one, a walking sprite,
Which put him in a fearesfull fit to see,
At length unto *Hobgoblin* thus said he,
If thou belong to God, and beare good mind,
Thou wilt not vse me cruell and unkind,
Because no hurtfull things to him belong,
That will doe vs (poore humane creatures) wrong,
But if thou dost pertaine vnto the Diuell,
Yet for his sake forbear to do me euill,
For I haue married late, a lumpe of sin
Which is his sister, therefore pray for kin
That is betweene the diuell and my wife,
Affright me not with feare of limbe, or life.
Hast thou (quoth he) nay then if it be so,
I will not urge thee unto further woe:
A wicked wife, crosse upon crosse begins,
She's plague enough, to plague thee for thy sins.

A





The Night-Rauen.

A wounded Drunkard.

A Drunkard, (whom the cup did tardy catch)
Came very late a reeling through the watch,
Who cald him with the common *who goes there?*
But he in staggers would not seeme to heare,
The Constable (with drowfie Bill-men mand)
Said sirrah, in the Kings name looke you stand.
What rebell knave (quoth he) wilt not obay?
So looking by their Lanthorne, downe he lay
And to the watchmen, holding up his hand,
Said now I charge you all to helpe me stand,
Or else in sober sadnesse, (you fox getters,)
Ile make you answere it before your betters,
Marke what I say, for now I charge you all,
To make me stand, and looke I doe not fall,
With that they got him on his legs and staid him,
Saying heer's the Constable, you disobay'd him,
And were it not for shame, (base drunken clowne)
We would (as we may lawfull) knocke thee downe
With that he fell unto the ground againe
And cryed out murder, murder, I am slaine,
My scullis cleft they haue put out mine eyes,
And cut off both my legs, Hostes, *Dick* dyes.

Like





The Night-Rauen.

Like Mistris like Maide.

S*usan*, would meete with *Richard* and with *Ned*,
Asloone as ere her mistris was abed,
For a Sack- posset they agreed to eate,
And shee besides would have a bit of meate,
And so be merry, that they would in sadnesse,
But even about the time of mirth and gladnesse,
When both the young- men were bestow'd within,
One that had long her mistris lover bin,
Knocks at the doore, whereat her selfe came downe
(As loose of body as she was of gowne)
And in the darke put Letcher in the roome,
Where both the youthes attend till *Susan* come,
Who in meane time to light a candle went,
So did her mistris for the same intent,
And meeting with her maide, oh strange (quoth she)
What cause have you at this time here to be?
Mistris (quoth she) unto you ile be true,
There's two as honest youths as ere I knew,
Came late to see me (pray you be content)
Wench this may be (said she) and no hurt ment,

C

For





The Night-Rauen.

Like Mistris like Maide.

For there's an honest man to make them three,
That came in kindnesse for to visit me,
Good *Susan* be as secret as you can,
Your master is a foolish jealous man,
Though thou and I, doe meane no hurt or ill,
Yet men take women in the worst sense still,
And feare of horns, more grieve in hearts hath bred,
Then wearing hornes doth hurt a Cuckolds head.





The Night-Rauen.

A Shifters Rifling.

Most loving friends on Thursday next at night
One master *Needy*, kindly doth invite
Some foure or three score gallants (at the least)
To risle for his Nag, a passing beast,
That he indeed did borrow of a friend,
But being come unto his journies end,
And finding it is no good husbands way,
To be at horse expence for oates and hay,
Which idle stands and pampers in the stable,
Besides himselfe unwilling, purse unable,
To be at further charges with the lade,
Will risle him, his friend can be but paied
As they shall afterwards agree of price,
When he his horse play hath perform'd at dice.
Each a *Iacobus*, come in any wise,
His whole estate, vpon the bu'snesse lies,
His money wants and patience now perforce
Depends vpon the credit of this horse,
Fayle not his rifeling therefore but come too't
Or you ore-throw a gallant horse and foote.

C 2

Quarrell





The Night-Rauen.

Quarell upon debate.

TWo chanc'd to fall at some diffention late,
And waxing weary of their fond debate
Wherein (like fooles) law money might be spent,
Agree'd to put it to arbitrimēt,
Each of an honest friend did make his choise,
And bound themselues to their awarding voice;
The arbitrators met to end the Iar,
And argu'd matters in a heate so far,
That knaue, and knaue betweene them both was delf,
And so from words the force of fists they felt,
Their noses bled, their eies were blacke and blew,
As seirce a buffet fray, as ere you knew.
At length those twain they met for to make friends,
Came in, to heare their matter how it ends,
And what award they did intend to make.
Quoth th'arbitrators; Masters for your sake
We met together, your debates to smother,
And very soundly we have beate each other,
Now as your selues meane to be delt withall,
Take up our matter, ere we end your brall,
We two that came your quarells to discusse,
Doe now want two to cese debate for us.

He





The Night-Rauen.

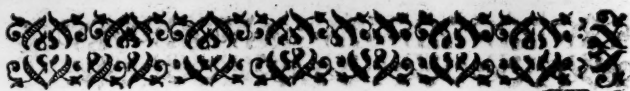
Hee hath little to care for , that hath little to lose.

Villains by night into a Kytchin brake,
Supposing brasse, and pewter thence to take,
The good-wife heard them, and her husband calls,
Telling him theeves were breaking through the walls
And therefore to prevent them wil'd him rise,
Quoth he (kind wife) I am not so unwise.
To put my selfe in danger causelesse so,
The night is darke as any pitch you know,
And if they there can find out goods by night,
When thou and I, see nothing by day light,
Ile say they conjure, or doe use some charme,
For there is nought to lose can doe us harme,
Wife let us both laugh at them in our sleeues,
That with our empty kytchin we gull theeves.

C 3

An






The Night-Rauen.

An English Canniball.

ARoring boy (of the late damned making)
Sat moneylesse, alone *Tabacco* taking,
For he had thriu'd so well by candle-light,
He lost ten pound by eight a clocke at night,
So cursing dice and Fortune for this wrong
A sawcy Fidler offers him a song,
Ha, song quoth he? *Sirra wilt sell thy Boye*
I have an vse for such a kind of toy.
Why sir (said he) what will you put him too?
Eate him (quoth he) that I intend to doe.
Sad melancholy makes my sences weary,
And that same boy shall make me inward merry,
The fidler downe the stayres with all hast hies,
Quicke boy be gone (saies he) one of us dies,
The diuell's in him sure, and he may fall,
To eate us up aliue, fiddles and all,
Some greedy plannet certainly doth strike him,
He hath a hungry looke, I do not like him,
Yet for his dyer we are most unneete,
Because through feare, there's neither of vs sweete





The Night-Rauen.

A Foole probatum.

A Graue Phisition, in the night at's booke,
(That did dame Natures secrets overlooke)
Found (amongst other things) this one worth hearing
That a long beard was but a foolish wearing,
With that he tooke the candle and the glasse,
And went to see what size his owne beard was,
Which as he viewd, and did stroking handle,
He set the same on fire with the candle,
Burning it sodainly unto his chin,
Which had before downe to his middle bin,
Now doe I finde (quoth he) 'tis a true note
That he which is long bearded (like a Gote)
Is but a foole, my selfe can this protest,
So set it downe in's booke *Probatum est.*

leasting






The Night-Rauen.

Jesting turn'd into good earnest.

Gentlemen kindly in a Taverne mer,
And as they all to supper downe were set,
Came in a Iester (unto some there knowne)
Who at the table boldly maketh one,
Where like an impudent audacious asse,
He turnes his foolish idle scoffes to passe,
Not caring whom nor how he did abuse:
But one amongst the rest, whom he did chuse
To play upon, and in a vaine to run,
Did quiet put up all, till supper done,
Then rising, came and tooke him by the hand,
And said, familiar sir, I understand
The ripenesse of your wit to breake a jest
It seemes your braine is busily possesst,
To utter all your humour doth allow.
And therefore for your boldnesse with me now,
Although I cannot breake a jest, I say,
Yet I can breake your pate, take that I pray,
Goe to the Barbers shop, and there reveale-it,
And jest a plaister out of him to heale-it.

The





The Night-Rauen.

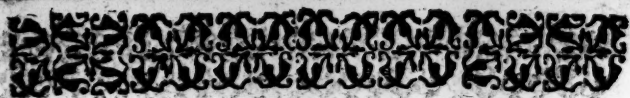
The Horne Plague.

INto a jealous passion one did fall,
And kept his bed, not being sick at all.
A friend of his did come to see him, and
The cause of his not being well demand.
Tell me (quoth he) where doe you feele your paine?
In head or heart, where doth your griefe remaine?
What member is it that is ill affected,
That Physick may the better be directed,
Truely (saide he) of head I not complaine,
Nor doth my heart partake of any paine.
Nor lights nor lungs, nor kidnies do torment,
But an *ill Liver* is my discontent.
And none can help it better then my wife,
If she would seeke to mend her queanish life;
T'is this bad-*Liver* doth the horne-plague breed,
Which day & night my Iealous thoughts doth feed

10
D

The






The Night-Rauen.

The Tragedy of Smug the Smith.

A Smith for felony was apprehended,
And being condem'd for hauing so offended,
The townes-men, with a generall consent
Vnto the Iudge, with a petition went,
Affirming that no smith did neare them dwell,
And for his Art they could not spare him well,
For he was good at edge-toole, Locke and key,
And for a Farrier most rare man (quoth they.)
The discrete Iudge, unto the clownes reply'd,
How shall the Law be justly satisfied?
A theefe that steales must dye therefore, that's flat.
Oh sir said they, we haue a tricke for that:
Two Weauers dwelling in our towne there are,
And one of them we very well can spare,
Let him be hang'd we very humbly craue,
Nay hang them both so we the Smith may haue,
The Iudge he smiled at their simple jest,
And said the Smith would serue the hang-man best.

of





The Night-Rauen.

Of two euills chuse the least.

A Scriuener (about nine a clocke at night)
Sat close in's shop, and earnestly did write,
The villany abroad suspecting not,
While two obseruing him, thus laid a plot,
Quoth one to t'other, snatch thou off his hat:
The which he did, and ran away with that:
The Scriuener in hast his shop forsakes,
And for to ouer take him undertakes,
So while he followes him that runs away
The other rascall watching for his pray,
Enters the shop as bold as bold might be,
And takes his cloake and so away goes he.
Scriuener comes backe, bare headed as he went,
Missing his cloake was far worse discontent,
Quoth he what case am I brought in to night,
Of hat and cloake being uncased quite?
I will not cry *Hamlet Reuenge* my greecues,
But I will call *Hang man Reuenge* on theeues.




The Night-Rauen.

To the City and Suburbes.

THere's not a night I fly throughout the yeare,
Be it obscurely darke, or Moone light cleere,
But I behold abuses, things unmeet,
By such as doe untimely haunt the street.
I heare a knocking at your City gates,
By your good fellowes, with their drunken pates:
I note the places of polluted sinne
Where your kind wenches and their bawds put in.
I know the houses where base cheaters use,
And note what Gulls (to worke upon) they chuse.
I take a notice what your youth are doing,
When you are fast a sleepe, how they are woiing
And steale together by some secret call,
Like *Piramus* and *Thisby* through the wall,
I see your prentises what pranks they play,
And things you never dreame on can bewray.
But ile giue warning first, for reformation,
Which if it faile, then of another fashion
Ile tell a rayle, some will be loth to heare,
Therefore let these amend and ile forbear.

The

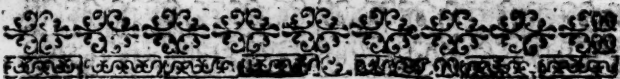




The Night-Rauen.

The coniuering of a Spirit.

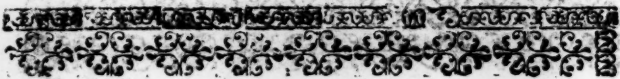
A Seruing-man, his fellow did perswade,
To play the spirit and make a clowne afraid,
Thou knowst (quoth he) *Tom* of his manhood boasts
That he like butter, flies esteeming all Ghosts,
Thou shalt at night under a stayre-case stand
Bound in a sheet, the dogs chaine in thy hand,
And as that way toward bed he doth prepare
Thou like a Ghost, most brauely shalt him scare.
Content (quoth he) with all my heart agreed,
I am the man that will performe the deed.
Fitted at night, under the stayres he got,
The other he reueales the bug beare plot,
Saying *Tom* take thou a cudgell; and rib roast him.
Let me alone (quoth *Tom*) I will beghost him.
So comming to the place, the spirit groanes,
Tom with his cudgell, well bebaits his bones.
Hold, hold, (quoth he) for Gods loue, (I protest)
I am no diuell, but a spirit in iest,
Vntye the sheet, behold me by the light,
He kill the rogue, that made me play the spirit.




The Night Rauē.

The Gallant and his brother Begger.

A Stately gallant in his fashions brauing,
A begger followed, and almes went crauing,
Good gentleman (quoth he) some succour grant,
To a poore man in misery and want.
Sirra (said he) there is foure farthings take them,
Oh (quoth the begger) all men now forsake them,
Kind gentleman, afford to your poore brother,
Some siluer peece will passe from one t'another.
Brother (said he) how came that neereneſſe in?
I pray which way are we become of kin?
Sir (quoth the begger) brothers we may call
Cause *Adam* was the father of us all,
Sure brother begger, it is true (quoth he)
And this is all the hurt I wish to thee
All *Adams* sonnes aliue under the Sunne,
Would giue their brother but as I haue done,
Yet then I feare the Prouerb would proue right
A begger set an horse backe nere would light.







The Night Rauē.

Amad voyage for old Moones

A Marchant lost by shipwracke all he had,
And therevpon he fell distracted mad,
But in the humors of his franticke fits,
He plotted matters did amaze good wits,
As to haue plowes to goe with canuas sayles,
And meate well boyled, and sod in wooden payles,
With many matters he did strange, project,
Whereof a number came to some effect,
But a rare voyage came at last in's head,
Should stand the commonwealth in wondrous stead
Onely one trade he would vndoe thereby,
(The Chaundlers he did hate exceedingly)
And therefore (quoth he to his friends, you know
That euery moneth there doth a new Moone grow,
And then the old giues place to that, you see,
He make a voyage where the old ones be,
(You cannot be in th'Indies halfe so soone,)
Then will I sell to every man a Moone,
And that shall giue him all his life time light
And thus ile begger all the Chaundlers quire.

Mistaking





The Night-Rauen.


Mistaking in the darke.

C*haucer*, amongst his merry jests doth write,
Of one that went a woing in the night,
It being extreame darke, as darke might be,
Vnto the widdowes window commeth he,
And there intreates her fauour for a kisse,
And she affords him such a one as t'is,
Opening the casement, to her clownish friend
She turnes out to his lips her lower end,
Which past away for currant in the darke,
A better man might so mistake the marke,
And like to him haue gone away with thanks.
Well this was one of *Chaucers* widdowes pranks;
But we haue diuers night men now a daies,
That in the darke become such wilfull straies,
When they should goe unto their wiues chaste bed,
Doe get unto the maids, in mistis stead.
And so the auncient prouerbe doth allow;
That *Ioanes* as good, as is my lady now,
But he whose honest wife cannot suffice him,
I wish the Surgeons tooles might circuncise him.

Guido Rim

the





The Night-Rauen.

The Constable cannot do it.


A Warrant to a Constable was sent,
Of special charge, disorder to prevent;
(which was suspected from men ill inclin'd,)
All those he after ten a clocke did finde,
He should disarme of weapons they did beare,
Not suffering any one a dagger weare.
A humorous odd fellow heard the same,
And to the constable he serious came,
Sir (quoth he) hearing you haue oversight
For to disarme all weaponed men by night,
I doe intreate you for your office sake,
A rapire and a dagger you would take
From one that's armed and a man I feare
A Broker, that my weapons now dorth beare,
If Load-stone-like by you they could be drawne,
From, (*Day's broke,*) that hath them now in pawne,
My credit (sir) would be sharp set againe,
Which now lies desperate rusting in *Long-lane*.

How do beneuolent men
Hearke at such light **Enquire** y^e no *Mistis*

And I knowe blowe word, I as I'og I' enbrowe L A

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The Night-Rauen.

Mistris Newfangle.

How am I plagued with a scurvy maid?
In all I doe command her, disobay'd,
To no good quallity she doth incline
But she's my husbands seruant none of mine,
It is his will to haue her in the house,
But if I finde his Flea, or body Lowse,
Betweene my sheets (as I doe shrewd suspect,)
Ile haue their itch killd in Bridewell direct.
Set herto starch a band, (I vow tis true)
She euer spoyles the same with too much blew.
Last night she seru'd me, a most roguish tricke,
Fell fast a sleepe, and burnd my poking sticke,
Nay heard you of a verier queane then this,
She layd my Fan where rats and mice did pisse.
And calling hasty for my Maske and Fan,
She was at her Tabacco with our man,
And brought it to me smelling so of smoke,
That almost for to sound it did prouoke.
If that it had not fortun'd so well,
That I had on my perfum'd gloues to smell
Pray speake, had you this vexer and abuser,
And were thus plag'd as I, how would you vse her?

The






The Night-Rauen.

The valiant Butcher

FOure theeues, that all the day had bin to take,
At night betwene themselues would even make
Within a wood under a hedge on ground:
They spred a cloake, and sat about it round,
And there their monyes equally deuide
Into foure parts, laying to each mans side,
His share according to th'amounting sum,
Thus as they sat, a Butcher chaunc'd to come
A long the hedge, who sound of voyce did heare,
And prying softly through, saw money there.
Bouldly resolv'd to share it from them all:
Breakes through with his staffe and lowd did call,
Here Masters heere, the villains are we looke,
Come through quick, with that the theeues forlook
Money and cloake, and take themselves to run,
that they the daunger of their necks might shun,
Constrain'd by guilt and put to flight by feare,
As if a hundred armed men were there.
The Butcher tooke the mony and the clooke,
And to himselfe in joyfull manner spoke,
Heer's the best match, that I haue made of long,
A speech is vs'd, *He pocket vp this wrong.*



The Night-Rauen.

The Conclusion.

ALL you vsurpers of the nights darke houres,
(As though those times, were for abuses yours)
Drunke in the Taverns, making Ale-house scores,
And in Tabacco shops, smoking like Moores,
You that with Fox and Wolfe, by night doe pray,
For that must feed your theeuish throats next day,
You that are inmates to the diuells Inns, *Bandy*
Fild with corruption of the rotten sinnes, *houses.*
You in a word, that are most vile most base,
And liuelike men that haue renounced grace,
When you doe act the diuells' reuells thus
(More blacke of foules, then blackest Crow of vs)
If you but saw what vgly feinds of Hell,
Imbrace you, for your pleasing them so well,
And now about you numberlesse they swarme,
And with the Seauen deadly sinnes doe charme
Your sinfull lusts, to draw you down to Hell,
You would reforme your waies, with doing well
Arming your selues against the diuell stronger,
And so be children of the night no longer.



FJNJS.

